

## your hair is winter fire by intertwiningwords

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**Summary:**

el's heart burns there too.

## **your hair is winter fire**

### **Author's Note:**

give eleven a girlfriend 2k18 !! i adore the crossover of these two fandoms. hope you enjoy !!

Maybe El had a thing for redheads.

Max's hair was long and straight, falling flawlessly over her shoulders, blowing behind her while she rode her skateboard, twirled around her index finger in a boring class.

Bev's hair was short and wavy, and a little messy. She ran her fingers through it all the time, letting it fall in front of her eyes or tucking it behind her ear.

Max's hair was lighter, a little more orange, and Bev's was brighter.

Regardless of the differences, they both had beautiful hair that always caught El's eye, and always looked soft, and always smelt nice.

Of course there was more to their beauty than their hair.

They were both free-spirited, didn't take any shit, and fun-loving. They both had troubled homes but didn't let it beat them down. They had both joined the little group late, but were both still welcomed with (mostly) open arms. They both treated El like any other normal girl, never made her feel like a freak or an outcast.

They both had managed to make El fall totally head over heels.

She didn't really understand that saying (wasn't your head always over your heels?), but she knew it meant the same thing as having a crush, so she used it.

She realized she felt that way about Max before Bev had even moved to Hawkins. They were thirteen, walking home from Mike's house after a long round of Dungeons & Dragons, Max slowly riding her board alongside El, careful to match her pace as best as she could on wheels.

"Is it awkward for you?" Max spoke up, breaking the silence of the slowly setting sun.

"What?"

"I mean...being with the guys, after you and Mike...you know," Max shrugged, tucking a strand of that red hair behind her ear.

"Not really," El admitted. "We're still just as close, just without the romance. Sometimes it's weird, but I don't mind."

Max nodded. "That's how I feel about Lucas too. If it's meant to be, it's meant to be, but I'd rather break it off now, before it gets serious, and figure myself out first."

It was El's turn to nod, but she stayed quiet. She liked the way Max worded things. 'Meant to be' and 'figure myself out'. She was incredibly mature, and often made El feel a little shy about the way she spoke, though their circumstances were entirely different.

They were approaching the spot where El entered the woods to go home, and Max put her foot on the ground to stop her board from moving.

"See you, El."

El opened her mouth to say goodbye, but Max was off her board, pressing a soft kiss to her cheek. She was so flustered, it took her a moment to stutter out a "bye!" before heading home through the trees, and she could feel Max watching her move out of sight.

Why had she done that? Why did El like it? Why did it make her cheeks turn pink and her knees get weak? It was similar to how she'd felt when Mike kissed her, but also different. Mike's kisses were hard,

and usually on her lips. That had been a soft, quick peck on her cheek, and it had the same effect. Max smelled like vanilla, and her lips had been soft against El's skin.

She couldn't get it out of her mind all night.

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Bev moved right before the start of the school year, and had quickly been rounded up by Dustin and the rest of the group, deeming her as another outcast who needed a friend in a new town.

She was quiet at first. She didn't answer many questions about where she'd moved from, or why she was living with her aunt. It was less hesitation, and more as if she couldn't remember.

She was odd, but that only meant she fit in perfectly.

The first thing El observed about her was how similar she looked to Max, yet how different too. Bev was taller, with short, brighter hair, and she wore dresses and skirts, unlike Max who was always hiding under hoodies and baggy jeans. They both had freckles over their pale faces, and tucked their hair behind their ear when they were nervous or flustered.

It was just inevitable that El would start to feel similar things for Bev.

It happened a little differently though.

The group was showing Bev around Hawkins, to all their nerdy hangouts, like the arcade. They were walking down the block, Bev a little behind the rest of them as she looked around, taking it all in, when a car of older boys drove by, windows down and shitty metal music blasting.

"Hey, new girl!" one of them yelled.

The others were whistling, making obscene gestures, and honking the

horn of the car.

The group turned, Mike ready to shout something at them, but El was faster. With a subtle tilt of her head, she sent their car swerving and hitting a lamppost, not hard enough to hurt the guys inside, but enough to do significant damage to the hood of the car that certainly belonged to one of their parents.

Bev, who had previously shrunk in on herself under the gazes, was now wide eyed and grinning.

She caught up with the group, her hand occasionally brushing against El's as they walked. It was totally worth the blood stain on the sleeve of her new sweater, El decided.

Seeing Bev smile like that would be worth anything.

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They were sixteen, and Hopper was out on a date with Joyce. He'd allowed El to invite Bev and Max over, though he was very firm on not letting the boys over, which El obviously objected to, but he wouldn't budge. He still thought Mike had a thing for her, and the older they got, the more he found it less cute and more concerning, at least, from a fatherly perspective.

El wasn't a normal teenager, but he sure as hell treated her like one. As if she was going to get a keg of beer and play spin the bottle with a bunch of boys. Gross! She'd once stolen a sip of Hopper's beer when he was in the bathroom, and it was disgusting. Alcohol was the last thing she'd want at a party.

Max and Bev arrived just before Hopper left, and he greeted them both like they were his own daughters, ruffling their hair and telling them to behave. They all teased him to go sweep Joyce off her feet, and he rolled his fondly at them before leaving.

The three girls made popcorn, cracked open cans of soda, and curled

up on the couch in their pajamas. It was only seven, but jeans and dresses weren't exactly comfortable attire, so they'd changed quickly upon arrival.

Bev had no shame, pulling her dress off over her head and pulling on her t-shirt as if El and Max weren't there, and El's cheeks turned red as she averted her eyes, feeling a tinge of guilt that she'd caught a glimpse of pale, freckled skin.

Max was a little shyer, but still didn't take El's offer of changing in the bathroom, simply standing with her back to them.

El changed in her bedroom.

Two movies later, Max was starting to yawn, and Bev's head was on El's shoulder, though she wasn't asleep.

By the middle of the third movie, they'd all fallen asleep in slightly uncomfortable positions beside each other, all curled up under one blanket. Hopper came home a little after they'd fallen asleep and he was careful not to wake them as he shut off the television and went to his own room, memories of Joyce's smile and lips and hands in his mind as he too drifted off to sleep.

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El was always in the middle of her two redheaded girlfriends. They were seventeen, walking along the streets of Hawkins on a summer night. The sun had just started to set, and they were wrapped in light jackets as the air grew chill without the sun's heat.

Bev held El's right hand, and Max held her left.

Max's hair blew in the gentle wind, and Bev's fell in front of her blue eyes. They were laughing, though none of them were sure why. Their laughter filled the night air, and El felt as though it was meant to be that way forever.

She sure was head over heels for those two.

Maybe she had a thing for redheads. Or maybe she just had a thing for girls who made her feel free, girls who were loud and unashamed, girls with red hair and freckles, girls who kissed her with soft lips and girls who smelled like vanilla.

Maybe she just had a thing for Max Mayfield and Beverly Marsh.

**Author's Note:**

hope you enjoyed, feedback is always appreciated!!

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